

## Canadian Legion battles workers

by Kimball Cariou

Local 579 of the Beverage Dispensers Union went on strike March 15, saying that the management of the Strathcona Legion has failed to bargain in good faith.

Negotiations began last summer, and two other unionized Legions in Edmonton had settled their contracts by October.

The Strathcona management, the union says, simply refused to bargain with union representatives, refused to accept the conciliation board's award, and has refused to go to compulsory arbitration. The union voted to accept the conciliation board's decision to raise waitress' pay to \$2.45 from \$2.30 and barman's to \$3.20 from \$3.00 an hour. These rates compare with \$2.50 for waitresses in other Legion halls, and \$3.45 for barmen.

Also, the Strathcona employees do not get a paid lunch break, unlike other Legions. On March 7, the 13 waitresses and 7 barmen voted unanimously to go on strike.

The union thinks that they are facing an attempt to destroy their union local. It appears that the attitude of the management stems largely from the firing of Joyce Sennett, an employee who worked at the hall for thirteen years with never a complaint from the patrons.

Last August, when Mrs. Sennett returned from her annual vacation, she asked when her next shift began. Instead, she was told by the manager that she had been fired. When she asked why, she was told that there were too many complaints about her service.

She pointed out that she had not been given the mandatory two weeks notice, and that since she had more seniority than any other staffer, she should have been the last employee to be fired.

The manager, John Belec, refused to change his decision, and the case went to the arbitration board. After a protracted legal battle, Mrs. Sennett was reinstated with full seniority and \$2200 for five months back pay in January. It appears that at this point the Strathcona Legion management decided to destroy the union to save money.

Since the strike began, the management has hired scab labour to serve its customers. The scabs are being paid 10 cents an hour more than the strikers were, although many of them are people who were fired for various reasons from the Legion in the past.

The strikers cited one example of a barman "who could put away a 26 in an eight hour shift" He was rehired when the strike began, only to be fired again a few days ago.

Some customers have complained of waiting up to an hour for a beer on busy nights, although the crowds are much smaller since the strike began. The beer and food must now be brought in by the Legionnaires themselves, since

delivery men refuse to cross the picket line.

However, many of the veterans are unhappy with the position of their executive. At a recent membership meeting, several of them made attempts to speak out against the management, only to be told by the chairman that they were out of order. When the dissidents failed to make any progress, many Legionnaires walked out of the meeting before it ended.

The strikers estimate that about 70% of the membership of the Strathcona branch of the Legion sympathize with them, and report that few of the Strathcona membership are coming to eat and drink at the hall. They say the majority of those now coming have been asked to by other Legion branches in an attempt to dishearten the strikers, who feel that the Strathcona branch is going to be in severe financial difficulty without their usual patronage.

The behavior of many who come now is apparently rather strange. They arrive, sometimes without knowing where to enter, and simply stare right through the picketers as they walk in. The average passer-by or patron, on the other hand, often stops to find out what is going on.

It is uncertain how long the strike will last. At the moment the morale of the union is excellent, and most of the strikers are getting by on the \$50 a week strike pay. Fortunately many of them have husbands or wives who are working, and this enables them to keep striking.

The Alberta Federation of Labour and the Edmonton and District Labour Council are solidly backing the strike, and will give help if it is requested. The union is determined to stay out as long as necessary to win the strike, and there is sympathy for them inside the Legion.

The main question now is whether the Strathcona management is making enough money to pay its debts and continue to hold out. And it appears it can't.

So you've read how the Strathcona Legion executive is out to destroy its union. If you want to do something about it, the place to be is 11120-83 Ave. at 8 p.m. Saturday night. Lots of beer and food, and tactics will be discussed with union officials and the strikers themselves. They need help. Come and give it. Phone 433-7662 for further information.

### Management replies?

When contacted Mr. John Belec, secretary-manager of the Strathcona Legion declined to make any definite statement on the strike other than the Legion membership had voted to end the union contract on the principle the Legion is for veterans and should be run by veterans, not a union.

## Poundmaker sell out

Maclean-Hunter Ltd. announced the purchase of the University of Alberta student newspaper, POUNDMAKER, at a press conference in Toronto early this week.

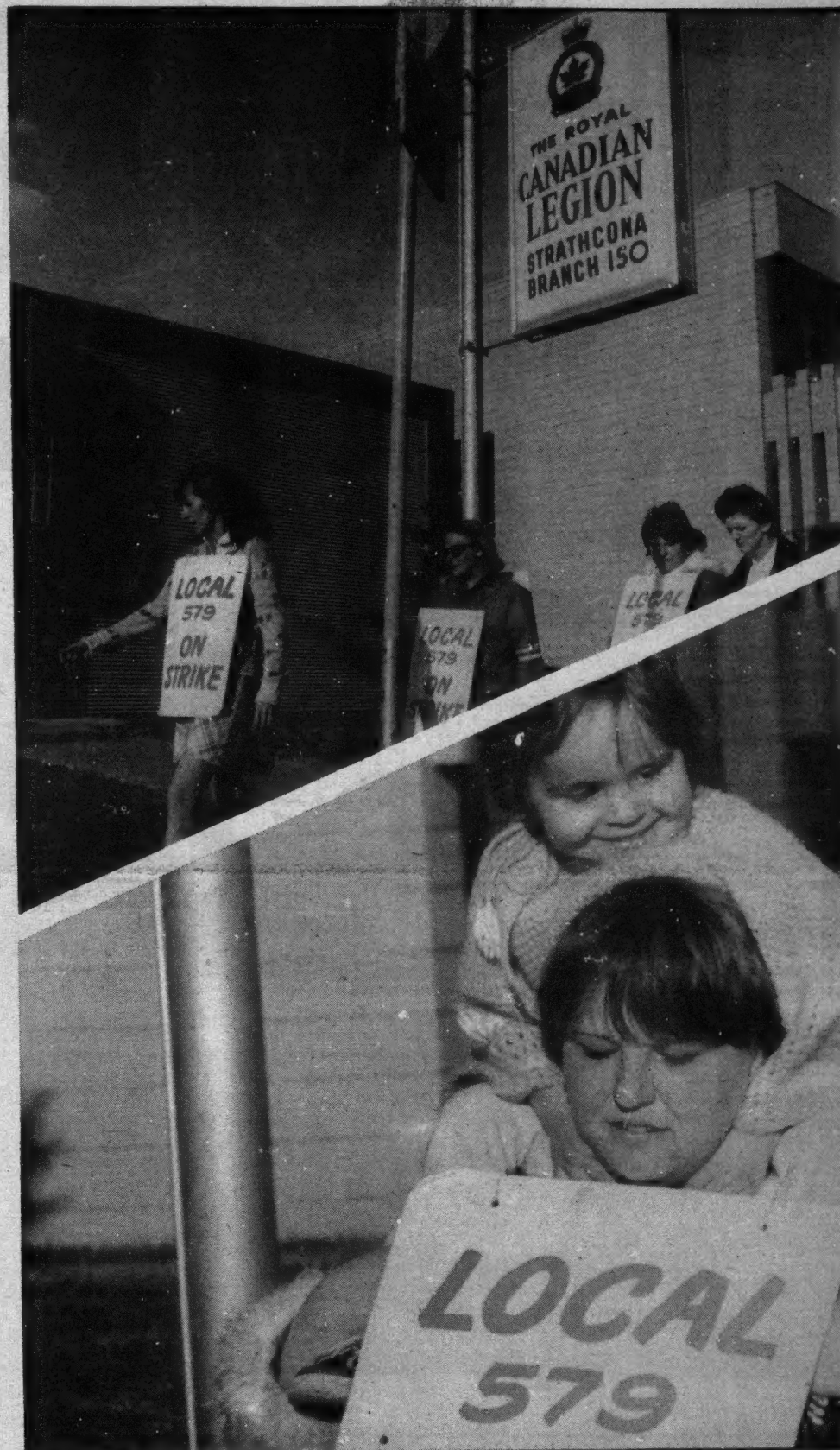
POUNDMAKER, which has been sold to the Canadian publishing firm for \$250,000, will continue to publish under the auspices of Maclean-Hunter.

Peter Newman, editor of Maclean's Magazine, said that "after examining the quality and consistently high standard of POUNDMAKER, we felt this magazine deserved national exposure, as an excellent example of top Canadian

journalism."

Ronald P. Yakimchuk, present editor of POUNDMAKER, said "We have long felt that our paper was breaking new ground in the area of journalism, but the offer from Maclean-Hunter was more than we had expected. And, too, the price was right."

At present, POUNDMAKER will be introduced to national readers as a supplement of Maclean's, one of the publications of Maclean-Hunter, but it is expected that POUNDMAKER will be distributed separately after a three-month trial period.



## Union busting: Canadian style

The Canadian Legion (Strathcona Branch) has refused to reach an agreement with the striking members of Local 579 Beverage Dispensers Union. The union's wage demands have not been unreasonable, in fact they are only asking parity with the lowest paid employees at the other branches in this city. The management refuses to go to compulsory arbitration.

There is a growing certainty that the reason the management won't come to terms is that they are purposely attempting to destroy the union. They have gone so far as to offer key members of the union private contracts far in excess of the union's wage demands. They are in fact paying the scab labourers 10 cents an hour more than the union workers were getting. The management is also guilty of red-baiting. They have accused the head of the picket committee and one other member of the union of being card

carrying communists, patently false statements.

There have also been cases of pickets being harassed and threatened while carrying on their legal strike. One picketer was struck on the head with a picket sign and was later punched in the face.

It is very vicious for the management to present this as a struggle against the "creeping socialism" of unions. It should be realized that a union is made up of people. People who are trying to make an honest living, and who are protecting their rights by bargaining collectively.

They are denying the people in the union the right to make a decent living for themselves and their families.

One female employee has been supporting her husband through university and their two children. They must now

Cont. on page 3



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You missed a good show

## But see Clancy when he comes back

There were probably only around 125 true believers in the SUB Theatre Saturday night when Irish folksinger Liam Clancy bounced onto the stage, beaming blarney and puckishly raising his mug of tea to the folks.

Twas so much the pity, really, because Liam Clancy is such a marvellous entertainment package all rolled into one--folksinger, jokester, fascist hater, poetry reader, concertina grinder, story teller. Above everything... a captivator.

Whoever organized publicity for the show ought to be shot, or at least flogged

with lumps of Irish bog. First of all, it was about as prominent as Trudeauania '73, and what leaflets there were scattered around campus were as garish and horrendous as a Gateway editorial. Clancy's wife saved a couple for his scrapbook. She especially like the part calling him "a little bit of Ireland".

Anyway, Clancy was tremendous, charming, and balladeering his way, as Beyond the Fringe would say, inextricably into the heartstrings of Edmonton. Banish thoughts of endless Irish harmonizing à la Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. Brother Liam is an accomplished solo artist. He played for two and a half hours, gradually turning the disappointingly-small crowd into a rollicking, rollicking, sing-along Irish pub crawl.

There were Irish songs, English songs, Scottish songs, Tom Paxton, and Gordon Lightfoot songs; ballads of fishermen,

farmers, young lovers, working men, wenching, and drinking (natch).

There were serious moments, too. Clancy sings the definitive version of "The Patriot Game", but he said he'd stopped doing it for the last couple of years because he was tired of it.

"But I've seen elections in both the States and Ireland in the last little while," he explained, "and watched those politicians on television with their make-up on, talking about patriotism in speeches written by professional speech writers, while the lives of hundreds of thousands of men are at stake, and I realized once again that patriotism is a game."

He sang "The Patriot Game" on Saturday.

Another song was written by a young man who was dragged off to the Long Kesh internment camp in Northern Ireland one morning about 4 a.m.

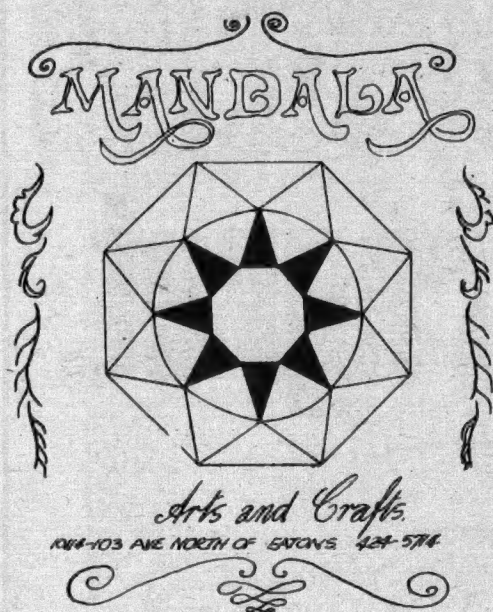
"His only crime was being born a Catholic in the wrong spot at the wrong time," said Clancy. "The modern tragedy of Belfast was brought about by internment--the decision to decide people were guilty until proven innocent."

The song calls on all Irishmen to "stand behind the men behind the wire" (of the internment camps). It has aroused a lot of antagonism among people from northern Ireland who occasionally dot his audience.

He sang the song on Saturday, to loud applause.

Clancy said he'd like to play in Edmonton again this fall. If you miss him this time, you're crazy.

(By Phil Bingley)



### Cont. from page 1

get by on fifty dollars a week, and if a settlement is not reached soon, her husband may have to terminate his university career.

Although the husbands or wives of some of the strikers are also employed, there are some whose only source of income has been destroyed.

Yet the management thinks it "unfair" for the women to bring their children on the picket line. Unfair to confront the legion with the lives it is damaging?

## Children unfair

It is puzzling that an organization like the Royal Canadian Legion, with its reputation of public service and community concern should be so callous in its treatment of its own employees. The majority of the legion members support the strikers, but it is an insular powerful clique that is in control of policy. Under them the legion seems to be disintegrating into a place suitable only for cheap drinks and now 'cheap' labourers.

We urge any Legionnaires who read this to oppose your management's in-

humane policies. We urge anyone interested in helping the strikers in their struggle for a decent living to:

1. Don't drink at the Legion.
2. Write letters of protest to: Royal Canadian Legion Strathcona Branch 150 c/o John Belec Executive Secretary or phone 433-1908.
3. Come out and support the picketers.

## The Saga of Fort Snowjob

Commissioner Stuart Hodgson is absolutely right to say that it is indefensible to pay welfare to those who are already working and being paid wages, and Director of Social Development Ken Torrance is right, if somewhat naive, to ask people to tell him of instances where this is happening.

Let us take the hypothetical case of the community of Fort Snowjob, as a case history of what kind of things can happen, and do happen often and in many communities.

Fort Snowjob is the average small community of the Northwest Territories. It does not yet have a fully-fledged settlement council, but it does have a mountie, an adult educator, a private businessman, a Hudson Bay Company store and suchlike. Both the Hudson's Bay Company and the private businessman make a good living, though their gross revenue and where all the money comes from is unknown to Commissioner Hodgson and Ken Torrance. Other places where money is spent by the citizens of Fort Snowjob is at the liquor store in Yellowknife Bay, because the citizens of Yellowknife couldn't possibly drink all that much by themselves.

The community of Fort Snowjob does not look prosperous to the eye of the casual observer or the visiting welfare officer who comes into the settlement once a month.

But the appearance is misleading. The quality of life in the way of housing, recreation and steady employment leaves much to be desired, but as retail sales show, there is not a shortage of money, as such, only a sense of purpose, which is lacking among the citizens.

Sources of revenue for the citizens of Fort Snowjob are in fact quite numerous and quite varied, but the Department of Social Development never even scratches the surface to know who really gets what and who needs what. The Federal Department of National Revenue never gets a look in either.

The original sources of money into the community of course, include family allowance and old age pension cheques.

There is quite a good business going in forest-fire-fighting cheques. Some say that the people find forest fires such good business that they go out and set some fires themselves, though this has never been seriously followed up and possibly never can be. These cheques often amount to a very sizeable amount of money and sometimes sustain a full week of partying.

Then there is the carving and handicrafts business. It does not amount to any very great amount of money, and probably now never will amount to anything, because the quality has deteriorated to a pitiful extent these past ten years. Anyhow several thousand dollars are paid out each month by the co-op. But the authorities would have difficulty finding out who got how much because the co-op itself doesn't seem to keep records which indicate very clearly who got what. Once when it was suggested that one good carver should not be paid so much welfare because he got so much from carving, he started sending in his work unsigned and by way of his widowed sister-in-law.

Last summer the private businessman got a contract from the territorial government to erect a new nurse's residence. Seven local people were employed on the job, and were paid \$30 per day each. However, they all asked for the afternoon off the day the welfare officer came into town. If they hadn't been given the time off, so previous experience has shown, they would have taken the time off anyway. If the employer had been instrumental in seeing that they did not get their share in the welfare line, then they would have that much less money to spend at the store of their employer, they would avoid doing business with the employer, they would go off the job on principle, beat up the storekeeper's wife and take a hatchet to his skidoo.

It has been suggested that there should be communication between the welfare officer and the game management officer.

One time the welfare officer found that one of his welfare applicants had just come into the settlement with two big muskoxen. No welfare for the enterprising hunter, although it was given out to everyone else. That wouldn't have been so bad except that all his meat was gone inside four days because it had been carved up and taken away by all those who had received welfare.

Nobody goes hunting or trapping much these days in Fort Snowjob, and they

certainly don't let anybody much know about it. If the game management branch heard too much about it, they might have to pay back some trappers advances.

The Hudson's Bay Company is not well thought of these days by the citizens of Fort Snowjob. They don't give out much credit anymore, although they carry on their books some multi-thousands of dollars in bad debts.

There's not exactly a lack of basic requirements for life in Fort Snowjob. Housing is provided at no cost, inclusive of all services including fuel oil. Some people are on a system whereby they are supposed to pay more and obtain ownership of their homes. There is, however, no visible advantage to this system. Quite the opposite. They are supposed to buy their own fuel oil. In practice, those in this category don't pay any more than anyone else (which is nothing) for their housing, and instead of having their oil delivered, in which case they might have to pay something, they have to steal it and move it themselves.

This is considered to be an unreasonable burden, placed upon the people by government, and the adult educator says how right they are. It must be presented to the Commissioner as a community grievance on his next visit.

The people of Fort Snowjob have quite a grievance towards the white man and his ways. Their land has been stolen, although there is very little evidence from fur returns that there remains much need or desire to utilize the land.

There is a grievance that there is nothing for the people to do, although there is now a community hall. Two times the territorial government sent in building supplies to finish it off and two times all the finishing materials were cut up and used for firewood. The third time the materials were sent in, they were actually applied to the community hall. A scheme was devised to make labor for finishing the hall expand to four times the original cost estimate.

The people of Fort Snowjob also complain about the lack of job opportunities. However, the effectiveness of the people for any employment has diminished somewhat in recent years, despite the increase in job opportunities.

Fort Snowjob is an unusually demoralized settlement. Yet it combines some thing of everything which is making people across the North feel that life is passing them by.

It demonstrates everything which is going most badly wrong. On the other hand it also demonstrates the natural outcome of the efforts and policies of government towards helping the native people.

Fort Snowjob enjoys the highest rate of occupancy in the Yellowknife Correctional Institute, although there is no record of any former guest actually being corrected into a permanent wage-earning, tax-paying job.

Why bother, when nobody's going to tell Commissioner Hodgson and Social Development Director Torrance that they even have a leaky money bucket, let alone tell them how to fix it? Presented to the Council of the Northwest Territories, it is a hoax, and it is a hoax as presented to community councils.

Yes, Dr. Hamelin is right, there is a need to take another urgent look at political development in the North, because there are two many symptoms of revolution in the making.

C. A.

The above article was reprinted from "News of the North", one of the newspapers of the Mackenzie River District. It expresses the editor's opinion of the consequences of extending welfare to the natives in return for stealing their culture and livelihood. Their dissatisfaction stems from the fact that they are deprived of the product of their efforts, and hence their sense of accomplishment. What goals do they have to work for when everything is handed to them? And without having worked for what they want, how can they distinguish between what is theirs and someone else's? The result is obvious--what they don't get, they take.

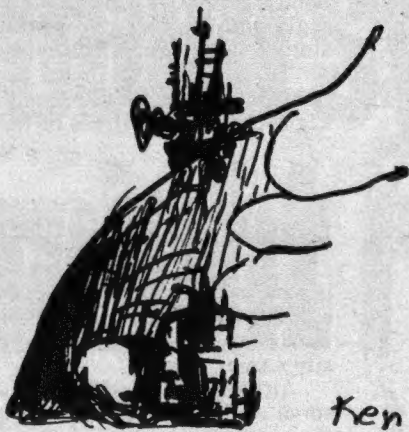
If the government is trying to annihilate the native population, it is doing an extremely effective job. If they are trying to perpetuate the race, then it is obvious that they are going about it all wrong.

JMP

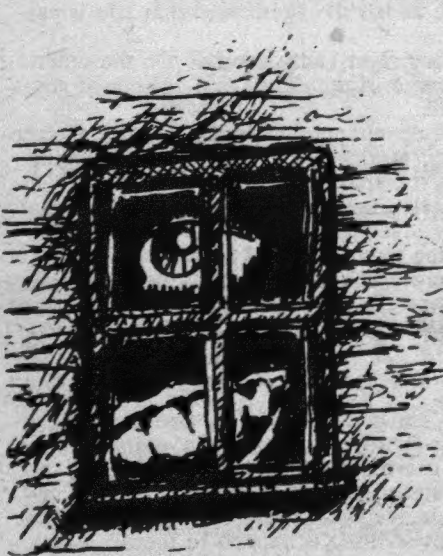
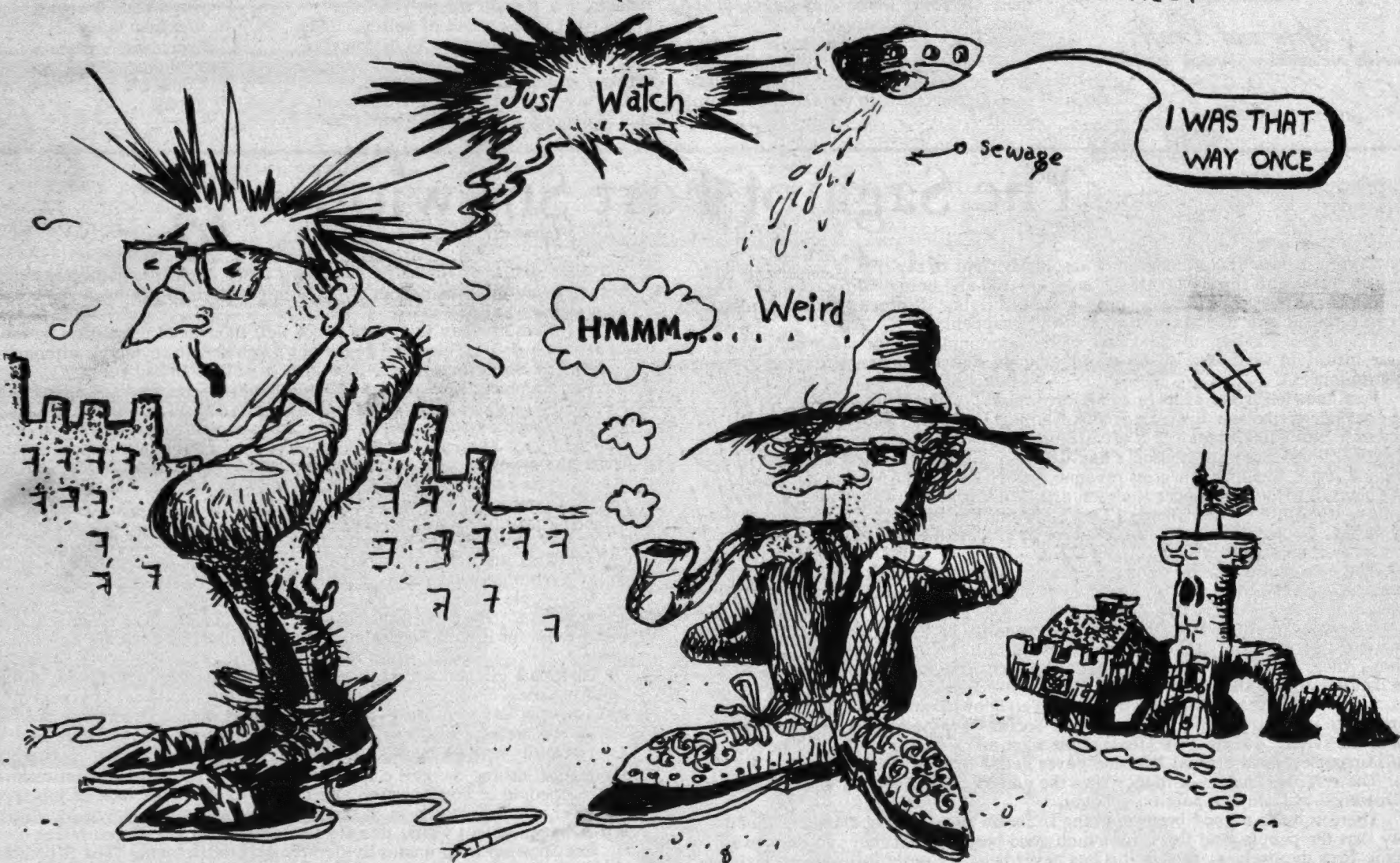


Pocket thoughts

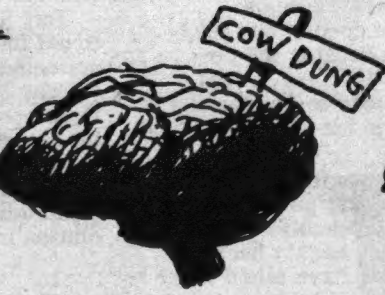
What are you doing now  
Bizarre Bin Bin ?



Ken Gelech



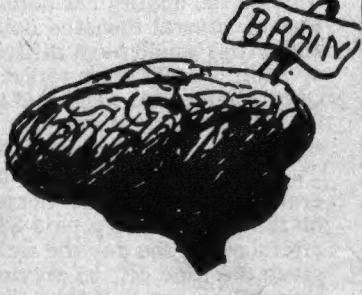
"Satori causes  
blood clots."



COW DUNG



BRAIN



BRAIN

" NOW I UNDERSTAND-  
ITS JUST AS I  
FEARED.

THIS NIGHTMARE  
THEY LIVE WITHIN  
REALITY IS A  
LIE.

FOOLS (YES YOU)  
THERE ISN'T A  
WAY YOU CAN  
SURVIVE."

END.





"God help us all," said Tiny Tim, as he tossed his crutches away and fell flat on his face. "Us all", of course, refers to the photo you see at the top. In the usual order, (left-to-right and top-to-bottom, you fool) us all are Kenneth Gelech, Anne (or is it Ann) Harvey, Asshole Selby, Johnathan Ray Seagull, Dodo Bird, Jim Tanner, Pebbles (in the arms of her mistress), her mistress - the Mysterious "Terri" (short for Ogleo Raspuceovitch), Hizzonner R.P. Yakimchuk, Judy Samoil (samoil and the world samoil with you), Chief Poundmaker, someone I don't know, Nilsen Schmilsen, Wed Frankman, Cheryl Croucher, Morgan, Harry Foont, Rick Grant, Jude Pankewitz, "Bubbles" Windrim, and Kenna Wild and her kids. And in the bottom photos (clockwise from left) are Ross "L'etat, c'est moi" Harvey, our new Sun King, together with Henri Pallard, Winston Gereluk, and Sheila Macdonald. God help us all



# It's your turn to wash, damn it!

Housework. What? You say this is all trivial? Wonderful! That's what I thought. It seems perfectly reasonable. We both had careers, both had to work a couple of days a week to earn enough to live on, so why shouldn't we share the housework? So I suggested it to my mate and he agreed -- most men are too hip to turn you down flat. You're right, he said. It's only fair.

Then an interesting thing happened. I can only explain it by stating that we women have been brain-washed more than even we imagine. Probably too many years of seeing media women coming over their shiny waxed floors or breaking down over their dirty shirt collars. Men have no such conditioning. They recognize the essential fact of housework right from the very beginning. Which is that it stinks.

Here's my list of dirty chores: buying groceries, carting them home and putting them away; cooking meals and washing dishes and pots; doing the laundry; digging out the place when things get out of control; washing floors. The list could go on, but the sheer necessities are bad enough. All of us have to do these jobs, or get someone else to do them for us. The longer my husband contemplated these chores, the more repulsed he became, and so proceeded the change from the normally sweet considerate Dr. Jekyll into the crafty Mr. Hyde who would stop at nothing to avoid the horrors of housework.

As he felt himself backed into a corner laden with dirty dishes, brooms, mops and reeking garbage, his front teeth grew longer and pointier, his fingernails jagged and his eyes grew wild. Housework trivial? Not on your life! Just try to share the burden.

So ensued a dialogue that's been going on for several years. Here are some of the high points.

"I don't mind sharing the housework, but I don't do it very well. We should each do the things we're best at."

MEANING: Unfortunately I'm no good at things like washing dishes or cooking. What I do best is a little light carpentry, changing light bulbs, moving furniture. (How often do you move furniture?)

ALSO MEANING: Historically the lower classes (blacks and women) have had hundreds of years doing menial jobs. It would be a waste of manpower to train someone else to do them now.

ALSO MEANING: I don't like the dull stupid boring jobs, so you should do them.

"I don't mind sharing the work, but you'll have to show me how to do it."

MEANING: I ask a lot of questions and you'll have to show me everything, everytime I do it because I don't remember so good. Also, don't try to sit down while I'm doing my jobs because I'm going to annoy the hell out of you until it's easier to do them yourself.

"We used to be so happy." (Said whenever it was his turn to do something.)

MEANING: I used to be so happy.

MEANING: Life without housework is bliss. No quarrel here. Perfect agreement.

"We have different standards, and why should I have to work to your standards? That's unfair."

MEANING: If I begin to get bugged by the dirt and crap, I will say "This place is sure a sty" or "How can anyone live like this?", and wait for your reaction. I know that all women have a sore called - guilt over a messy house or housework is ultimately my responsibility. If I rub this sore long and hard enough it'll bleed and you'll do the work. I can outwait you.

ALSO MEANING: I can provoke innumerable scenes over the housework issue. Eventually doing all the housework yourself will be less painful to you than trying to get me to do half.

"I've got nothing against sharing the housework, but you can't make me do it on your schedule."

MEANING: passive resistance. I'll do it when I damn well please, if at all. If my job is doing dishes, it's easier to do them once a week. If taking out laundry, once a month. If washing the floors, once a year. If you don't like it, do it yourself oftener, and then I won't do it at all.

"I hate it more than you. You don't mind it so much."

MEANING: Housework is shit. It's the worst crap I've ever done. It's degrading and humiliating for someone of my intelligence to do it. But for someone of your intelligence...

"Housework is too trivial to even talk about."

MEANING: It's even more trivial to do. Housework is beneath my status. My purpose in life is to deal with matters of significance. Yours is to deal with matters of insignificance. You should do the housework.

"In animal societies, wolves, for example, the top animal is usually a male even where he is not chosen for brute strength but on the basis of cunning and intelligence. Isn't that interesting?"

MEANING: I have historical, psychological, anthropological and biological justification for keeping you down. How can you ask the top wolf to be equal?

"Women's Liberation is'nt really a political movement."

MEANING: The REVOLUTION is coming too close to home

ALSO MEANING: I am only interested in how I am oppressed, not how I oppress others. Therefore, the war, the draft, and the university are political. Women's Liberation is not.

"Man's accomplishments have always depended on getting help from other people, mostly women. What great man would have accomplished what he did if he had to do his own housework?"

MEANING: Oppression is built into the system and I as the white male receive the benefits of this system. I don't want to give them up.

Participatory democracy begins at home. If you are planning to implement your politics there are certain things to remember.

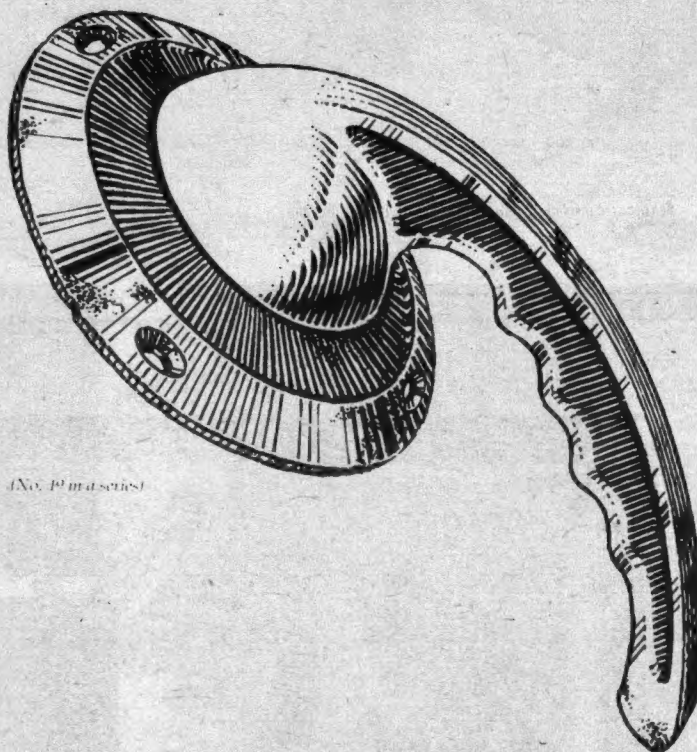
1. He is feeling it more than you. He's losing some leisure and you're gaining it. The measure of your oppression is his resistance.

2. It is a traumatizing experience for someone who has always thought of himself as being against any oppression or exploitation of one human being by another to realize that in his daily life he has been accepting and implementing (and benefiting from) this exploitation; that his rationalization is little different from that of the racist who says "Niggers don't feel pain" (women don't mind doing the shitwork), and that the oldest form of oppression in history has been the oppression of 50% of the population by the other 50%.

3. Arm yourself with some knowledge of the psychology of oppressed peoples everywhere and a few facts about the animal kingdom. I admit playing top wolf or who runs the gorillas is silly but as a last resort men bring it up all the time. Talk about bees. If you really feel hostile, bring up the sex life of spiders. After sex, she bites off his head.

Cont. on page 7

## EARLY CANADIAN ACTUAL THINGS



(No. 19 in series)

### LOOM TERBIDARY (Inlaid) circa 1908

Heralding the advent of the Nickel Age in central Alberta, this primitive but effective hand tool was recently discovered among Grecian pottery shards in a thatch-roofed cliffside condominium near Jasper. Believed to be the work of early Pro-Magnum man, it is crudely inlaid with garnets, peppercorns, asphalt and miniature marshmallows, the latter supposedly possessing protective mystic qualities associated with Sharalee, goddess of Spring and Split Thumbnails.

(Courtesy Alberta Gravel Museum and Dry Cleaners, Willowisp, Alberta)



Presented as a semi-public service by Labatt Alberta Brewery Limited, who also present Labatt's Blue, for the same reason.



# CKUA high lights

## THURSDAY (April 5)

8:00 P.M.	JAZZ INTERACTIONS:	Best jazz records of March.	Marc Vasey
9:00 P.M.	MATT HEDLEY PRESENTS:	A tax time program, with Bach's Peasant Cantata as the major work.	Matt Hedley
10:30 P.M.	KALEIDOSCOPE:	Contemporary Canadian Music. Five songs of the Newfoundland Outports arranged by Harry Somers; Trio for flute, oboe and harpsichord by Oscar Morawetz.	Ted Kardash

## FRIDAY (April 6)

6:45 P.M.	UNIVERSITY CONCERT HALL:	A choral concert by the University of Alberta Concert Choir.	Don McLean
8:30 P.M.	LAND USE IN THE NORTH:	A public forum to discuss the topical issue of Arctic resource development.	
10:30 P.M.	25th FRAME:	Review of the cinema scene.	Stephen Scobie

## SATURDAY (April 7)

9:00 A.M.	NEW DIMENSIONS OF EDUCATION:	A discussion of aspects of "human" problems faced in the educational process of children and adults.	
11:00 A.M.	SHOWTIME:	Music from Greenwillow.	Murray Davis
1:00 P.M.	THE TASTE:	Jazz.	Bill Coull
4:05 P.M.	POST-MODERN MUSIC:	New music from Japan.	Marc Vasey

## SUNDAY (April 8)

11:15 A.M.	THE OLD DISC JOCKEY:	Music from the big-band era.	Neil Freeman
12:15 P.M.	YOUR WORLD:	A discussion of the role of the architect in today's rapidly changing world.	
9:30 P.M.	PICKIN UP THE PIECES:	A well-chosen assortment of traditional and contemporary music.	Holger Petersen

## MONDAY (April 9)

9:00 A.M.	CONCERT AT NINE:	Evening concert of music from the classics.	Tony Dillon-Davis
4:00 P.M.	THE RUSH HOUR:	The music fare includes rock, blues, pop and jazz.	Bob Chelmick
9:00 P.M.	THE DEKOVEN CONCERT:	Music from the baroque and rococo classical periods. Host is a controversial, enthusiastic and vociferous musical raconteur.	DeKoven

## TUESDAY (April 10)

12:00 NOON	THE NOON BEAT:	News, stock-market, road, weather and sports report.	Andy Smith & Carl Noack
9:00 P.M.	THE STUDS TERKEL SHOW:	Archie Green of the Smithsonian Institute discusses his book "Only A Miner", an account of the miner's life in North America, past and present.	Studs Terkel
12:05 A.M.	STILL OF THE NIGHT:	Music from the classics, until sign-off at 1:00.	Sev Sabourin

## WEDNESDAY (April 11)

7:45 P.M.	UNIVERSITY TALK:	Technography through the ages - The Industrial Revolution, Part 1. Dr. Derek Wilson, Associate Professor Elementary Education, Geology and History.	
8:00 P.M.	BOSTON SYMPHONY:	Seiji Ozawa, conductor. Berlioz: Symphonie fantastique and Lello, on the return to life.	
10:30 P.M.	L.T.P.:	Programs in investigating the work and effects of the local Susan Bain & Initiatives Program.	Andrew Smith.

## Cont. from page 6

The psychology of oppressed peoples is not silly. Blacks, women, and immigrants have all employed the same psychological mechanisms to survive. Admiring the oppressor, glorifying the oppressor, wanting to be like the oppressor, wanting the oppressor to like them.

4. Keep checking up. Periodically consider who's actually doing the jobs. These things have a way of back-sliding so that a year later once again the woman is doing everything. Use timesheets if necessary. Also bear in mind what the worst jobs are, namely the ones that have to be done every day or several times a day. Also the ones that are dirty - it's more pleasant to pick up books, newspapers, etc. than to wash dishes. Alternate the bad jobs. It's the daily rigid grind that gets you down. Also make sure that you don't have the responsibility for the housework with occasional help from him. "I'll cook dinner for you tonight" implies that it's really your job and isn't he a nice guy to do some of it for you.

5. Most men had a bachelor life during which they did not starve or become encrusted with crud or buried under the litter. There is a taboo that says that women mustn't strain themselves in the presence of men - we haul around 50 pounds of groceries if we have to but aren't allowed to open a jar if there is someone around to do it for us. The reverse side of the coin is that men aren't supposed to be able to take care of themselves without a woman. Both are excuses for making women do the housework.

6. Beware of the double whammy. He won't do the little things he always did because you're now a "Liberated Woman", right? Of course, he won't do anything else either. . . .

I was just finishing this when my husband came in and asked what I was doing. Writing a paper on Housework. Housework? he said. HOUSEWORK? Oh my god, how trivial can you get? A paper on Housework.

Reprinted from the Women's Place by Liberated Lynn. . . . via the NAIT Nugget.

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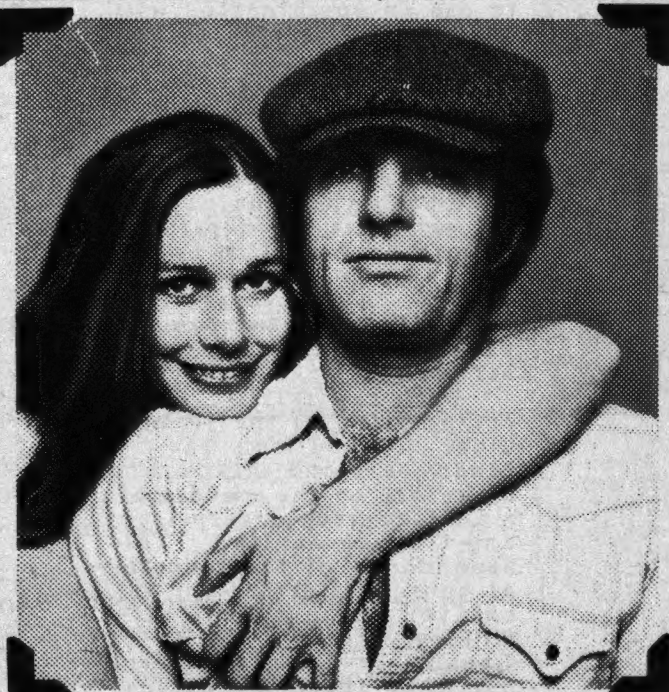
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# Education:

## Is it serving the person or the market?

"Liberal education seems to me to be indispensably necessary; and the completion of it by the establishment of a university in the Capital of the country.... would be most useful to inculcate just principles, habits and manners among the rising generation"

Upper Canada Governor  
John Graves Simcoe

Liberal education has always been viewed within the context of how it could best serve the prevailing economy. Three distinct ruling class attitudes towards education have existed; each corresponding with and varying with structural changes in the economy.

Simcoe's quote expresses the traditional elitist view of education which corresponded with an agrarian/mercantile economy. This economy supported a ruling class made up of two strata, each of which made its money in similar ways. In agriculture, they made the peasants give them a share of their produce in return for the privilege of tilling the land. In trade, they made it by buying things in one part of the world at a low price and then selling them at a high price in other parts of the world. In Canada, this was the age of the fish and fur trades, and extended into the wheat and timber eras around the middle of the nineteenth century.

The traditional ruling class view of education focused almost exclusively

on its moral value. The line between education and religion was imperceptible. In this context, education performed minor cultural services for the ruling class by drumming the virtues of hard work and thrift into the children of working people, and developing in the sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie the appropriate mannerisms and affectations of "culture" to distinguish them from their inferiors and to enable them to occupy their leisure time.

The second distinct set of ruling class attitudes towards education was associated with the onset of industrialism. Industrialism ushered in capitalism (or perhaps vice versa). In this situation, the ruling class made its money in a very different way.

Instead of simply appropriating the wealth other people had created, the capitalists set about to produce their own. They assembled all the elements of production and set them in motion. They then took the commodity to market to exchange it for what it

The author, University of Toronto author Wynton Semple, was general co-ordinator of the Ontario Federation of Students. He has a long background studying post-secondary education, and is a student member of the Ontario Committee on Student Awards.

was worth. There was just one catch - they had to buy the various factors of production (labour, raw materials, equipment, et cetera) on the market. If they paid what each of these factors of production was worth, there would be little left over after having sold the total combination of factors for what it was worth. In fact, if this happened, the capitalist would secure for himself only the value of the labour he himself actually expended in producing the commodity.

However, as it turned out, the capitalists did not have to pay the full value for all the factors of production. They were able to pay labour much less than the value of what it produced. This circumstance arises partly from the motivations with which each party - capital and labour - approaches the market. Their motivations are fundamentally different.

The capitalist wishes to buy labour power to put it to use in combination with physical capital with the ultimate aim of making a profit. The worker, on the other hand, wishes to sell his labour power in order that he may live. He is compelled to sell his labour power to the capitalist, whereas the capitalist is not compelled to buy it. It is a perpetual buyer's market. Consequently, the capitalist will not pay a worker the full value of his labour.

With capitalism, the composition of the ruling class changed from the landowners and shipowners of before to the owners of manufacturing enterprises and finance capital. This ascendancy of the industrial bourgeoisie was not achieved without some difficulty. In 1837 Upper Canada, a war almost broke out when the conflict between the landed "family compact" and the rising industrial bourgeoisie took the form of a dispute over "responsible" government. Over the next few years, the question as to which section of the ruling class the government would be responsible was settled in favour of the industrial bourgeoisie.

Their interests were soon asserted in the field of education. Ontario's first Chief Superintendent of Schools, Egerton Ryerson, spoke on behalf of the new elements of the ruling

class and their interest in education, writing in a report that became the basis for the Schools Act of 1846:

"The knowledge required for the scientific pursuit of mechanics, agriculture and commerce must needs be provided to an extent corresponding with the demand of the country; while to a more limited extent are needed facilities for acquiring the higher education of the learned professions."

It was apparent to Ryerson that the newly "responsible" state had definite responsibilities in the realm of education:

"The very end of our being is practical... The age in which we live is likewise eminently practical; and the conditions and interests, the pursuits and duties of our new country, under our new government, are invested with an almost exclusively practical character. Scarcely an individual among us is exempt from the necessity of 'living by the sweat of his face'. Every man should, therefore, be educated to practice."

In recognition of Egerton's foresight they later named a school after him. It is fitting that this school, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, was one of the first schools in Canada to unabashedly produce graduates on a demand schedule set by industry.

### Monopoly Capitalism

Around the turn of the century, industrial capitalism underwent a major shift from its competitive to its monopoly phase. The ruling class became more compact as ownership of the means of production became concentrated in fewer and fewer hands. The mode of production changed with the increased importance of technology and the unit



Ken Galesch





of production becoming larger and more vertically integrated. It is important to examine the reasons for this shift in some detail since the Canadian economy is presently under the tutelage of American monopoly capitalism. There were two major factors which led to the monopolization of capitalism:

#### Falling Rate of Profit

The tendency for the rate of profit to fall was occasioned by:

- (1) a decrease in prices due to manufacturers' competition for markets;
- (2) an increase in the cost of the capital equipment required to incorporate technological change into the productive process;
- (3) increasing cost of labour due to a shortage of skilled manpower;
- (4) the increasing costs of the anarchy of production, the typical business cycle in which each manufacturer produced as much as possible leading to piles of unsold goods and factories and workers sitting idle in a non-profit-making state; and
- (5) the relative saturation of domestic markets, and other factors.

#### People Getting Ticked off with Capitalism

This was becoming increasingly common around the turn of the century. The problems associated with maintaining the rate of profit led to wages being cut and people thrown out of work. Increasing numbers of workers engaged in militant strikes which had an explicit anti-capitalist orientation.

If capitalism was to remain intact, the ruling class would have to develop a more acute class consciousness - it would have to ac-

tively maintain and expand capitalism - which is exactly what happened.

All in all, it amounted to the ruling class becoming much more sophisticated, learning to put a velvet glove over its mailed fist, and developing allies outside of the ruling class itself.

The first group to be co-opted and put to work on behalf of the ruling class, helping them to solve their problem with People Getting Ticked off with Capitalism, were the liberals - the people who, although they had a sincere interest in changing society for the better, could not bring themselves to break openly with the ruling class inasmuch as they had some interests in common with the ruling class. Since they were motivated by a social conscience pricked by other people's misery, not their own, the liberals did not feel the necessity of challenging the system, but rather were content to try and reform bits and pieces of it.

American historian Christopher Lasch describes the various ways in which the liberals' energies were harnessed to help save capitalism:

"Everyone who has studied the history of American reform agrees that the reform tradition underwent a fundamental change around 1900. Some people identify the change with a changing attitude towards government, a new readiness to use government (particularly the federal government) as an instrument of popular control. Others associate it with an abandonment of the old populist distrust of large scale institutions, like corporations,

and an acceptance of the concentration of wealth and power. Still others define the change as a movement away from the dogma of natural rights towards a relativistic, environmentalist, and pragmatic view of the world."

This was when the ruling class began to hire people to "rationalize" consumption. The need to stimulate and direct people's needs into profitable channels gave birth to the advertising industry.

The ruling class also discovered that its ever faithful handmaiden, the state, could help it out with its new problems. In the past, the role of the state had been restricted to fighting wars on behalf of their foreign interests and doing small domestic favours such as donating land and money with which to build railroads. (In Canada, the government contributed around \$50,000 per mile of track laid). It was now even more helpful to have the state as an agent since it meant that the ruling class had at its disposal the state's troops and law courts to break strikes, its legislators to pass anti-labour laws, and, perhaps most importantly of all, its schools.

Education became even more important than it had been before since it now shouldered the major burden of producing a surplus of skilled workers. The public school systems were expanded and everyone was expected to go to school. The liberals hailed the government's recognition of everyone's inalienable right to develop to the utmost his peculiar ability to be of service to capital.

The schools were called upon not only to produce more human capital in

nearly finished form, but also to develop more effective ways of exploiting it. Ceciley Watson, one of Ontario's chief manpower planning experts and head of the "Educational Planning" division of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, points out in the introduction to her manpower planning study that:

"A great contribution to labour efficiency was made in the United States around the turn of the century by F. W. Taylor, who realized by means of his "time and motion" studies, that a 'functional organization' of work would greatly improve the output of a worker by making him highly 'skilled' in just a fractional part of the entire work performed. This led to the use of the production line. He also introduced the 'Principles of Scientific Management' enlisting science for the progress of the economy. This study acted as a mighty spur to labour efficiency, increasing productivity considerably through enhanced output at an unchanged level of labour input."

Through his theories and practice, famous educator John Dewey provided the foundations of North American education for the next 40 years. He also provided the ruling class with a good deal of the material for its velvet glove. His book, *Democracy and Education*, notes,

"Men have long had some intimation of the extent to which education may be consciously used to eliminate obvious evils through starting the young on paths which shall not produce these evils,

**Cont. on page 10**



# Remove the conflict, not the injustice

Cont. from page 9

and some idea of the extent to which education may be made an instrument of realizing the potential efficacy of education as a constructive agency of improving society."

Dewey's sincere but naive liberalism was easily turned to the service of monopoly capitalism. Dewey was part of a general current in the academic stream responding to the new needs of monopoly capitalism.

Lasch gives some idea of the pervasiveness of the phenomenon:

"The new psychology, the child study movement, the new education, the idea of scientific management, the philosophy of pragmatism, the science of evolution, all confirmed the experience of a century of unimpeded material and social progress, that the turmoil and conflict which had so long troubled the course of history could at last be eliminated by means of a scientific system of control. The old techniques of social discipline, the old agencies of institutionalized violence, would soon be obsolete. The mark of progressive societies was precisely their ability to govern themselves without resort to force ... for the new radicals, conflict itself, rather than injustice or inequality, was the evil to be eradicated."

During the first half of this century, monopoly capitalism developed a steadily increasing dependence on education. For the United States, the total annual outlay for human capital (in terms of primary, secondary, and tertiary education expenditures) rose from nine per cent of the annual investment in physical capital in 1900 to 34 per cent in 1956. However, in the late fifties, education rather abruptly became more important to the ruling class. The exact reasons for the upsurge in interest are not clear; however, at least the following seem to have been involved:

(1) imperialism became less lucrative, making it necessary to increase the rate of exploitation at home by increasing the value-producing capacity of labour via training;

(2) in connection with this situation, capital was about to enter new technologically-oriented fields and a pool of surplus labour would be needed in order to keep labour costs down;

(3) the ruling class ideologues realized that higher education offered a unique if temporary solution to the problem of what to do with all the post-war babies who, if unemployed and left to their own devices, might develop into that old nightmare - People

Getting Ticked off with Capitalism.

Higher education would not only take up their time, it would also give them the illusion of upward mobility along with all the conservativizing tendencies this induces.

Since the late fifties, there has emerged among economists, educators, students and others a widespread conscious adoption of the human capital approach to education, euphemistically known as "manpower planning". Much of the impetus for manpower planning came with the 1958 passage of the U.S. National Defense Education Act. The act greatly increased the funding for certain subject areas which were vital to the national "defense" effort - sciences, mathematics, education and foreign languages. This was a step towards manpower planning in the sense that a conscious attempt was made to plan the supply of skilled personnel for the defence industry which is a major sector of the American economy.

Concurrently, at the international level, the Committee for Scientific and Technical Personnel was established as a branch of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation. Its task was to "develop policies aimed at increasing investment in education so as to supply the qualified manpower necessary for the implementation of a policy of economic growth". One of the committee's first acts was to set up "The Study Group on the Economics of Education" which, in the words of its chairman, Dr. Henning Friis, was "to promote and exchange research and statistical data on the broad subject of the economics of education, that is, the relationship between education and economic growth, the educational needs of the 1960's and the formulation of policies for increasing the supply of scientific, technical, and other qualified manpower." In Washington, D.C. in October, 1961, 13 months after the "study group" was established, manpower planning took a giant stride forward with the holding of the Policy Conference on Economic Growth and Investment in Education. This conference was of international scope and importance. Dr. Friis described it in the following words: "This conference was a major step in the development of policies for relating education to economic requirements. It discussed targets for educational investment during the decade 1961 - 1970 and reached general agreement on the necessity for long term planning of educational investment in the OECD member countries."

Interest and activity in the field of manpower plan-

ning increased generally at the international level in the early sixties. Organizations such as the International Labour Office, the International Association for Educational and Vocational Information, and UNESCO, held conferences, circulated literature, and collected information.

In 1963, the first annual U.S. Department of Labour Manpower Requirements, Resources, Utilization and Training report was transmitted to the Congress. In the same year, an act was passed requiring an annual inventory of manpower requirements, resources utilization, and training.

In Canada, the Technical and Vocational Training Assistance Act (TVTA) was passed in 1960. By 1966-67, there were 185,000 students in Ontario alone who were in schools and courses approved under the federal-provincial agreements concluded under the TVTA. The increases in federal government expenditures for technical and vocational training were dramatic - 35 million the first year of the TVTA, 207 million the second year.

Given Canada's relationship to the United States, it is understandable that Canada's manpower planning policy was not one that Canadians had independently and consciously conceived. There appears to have been little research - Wilkinson's study for the then Department of Labour and Bertram's work for the Economic Council of Canada - were done outside Canada (at MIT and the University of Washington respectively), using American research hypotheses.

In 1964, schedule 10 of the TVTA came into effect, providing for research on a cost-shared basis with the provinces. Manpower's research program gave birth to its first offspring in 1968 when Canada's Manpower Requirements in 1970 was published.

The Educational Planning Division of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education completed Part I of a two-part study which projects the future manpower needs and resources of Ontario to 1986. The Economic Council of Canada carried out a number of research projects for its seventh annual Review. One of the key studies attempts to measure the relationship of operating expenditure, capital expenditures, and total cost per student, to student output.

Education's manpower planning aspects have many ramifications for the interests of the ruling class. In the introduction to Higher Education and The Demand for Scientific Manpower in the United States, a 1963 OECD study, the authors explain the study was done because "there is

much worry in high places that shortages will be present in 1970 unless immediate and drastic measures are taken to increase the supply - shortages which will impair the economic and scientific efficiency of the United States and endanger her political and military role in the world."

There are overly political problems, too. Wilkinson, in his study for the Canadian Department of Labour, partially financed by the Imperial Oil Company Ltd., points out:

"Another difficulty is that - even if the projections are roughly correct insofar as the desire of students or of parents for their children are concerned there is still no assurance that the type of students trained will be what the economy actually requires for production purposes. Considerable misdirection of effort, not to mention thwarted aspirations, may arise. In backward countries, as Van Den Haag and others have pointed out, a pool of unemployed intellectuals may provide the spark for revolution. Clearly, it is not sufficient to look only at satisfying students' demands for classroom space and instructors. The needs of the economy for trained and educated people must be considered as well."

Wilkinson would have been fully entitled to say, "I told you so," after the Quebec CEGEP students occupied their schools.

However, most of the explicit concern is with producing a surplus of people with the requisite skills for participation in "our" economy. The people who do these studies are not monsters, they are not witting servants of the ruling class - they seek only to understand things the way they are. Since the structure of the economy assumes a ruling class and since the dominant brand of social science is committed to refining and reproducing existing social relations, not subverting them, these studies are necessarily carried on from the point of view of the ruling class.

The study done by Meltz and Penz on Canada's manpower needs from '61 to '70 illustrates the class bias referred to above. Two of the assumptions they use in doing their study are:

(1) "the industry and occupational structures of employment, the past have been determined primarily by the structure of output and by the prevailing technology, rather than by labour supply conditions interacting with demand conditions"

(2) "the structure of output and technology of labour force is based on the assumption that the education structure too is labour-demand determined and independent of labour supply conditions"

They describe these assumptions as "gross oversimplifications of reality". The reality they are simplifying, as may be seen from their assumptions, is one in which the needs of the ruling class for trained manpower are the basic determinants of the structure of the labour force and the structure of the educational system. Their assumptions state quite clearly that in both of these areas the needs, desires, and rights of the people who make up the structures - students and workers - are inconsequential.

To question the degree of universality to post-secondary education deemed appropriate by the state or to assert that the main purpose of post-secondary education should be the cultural enrichment of the entire society is to challenge priorities and fundamentals of the economic and political orders in which we live.



# POETRY SUPPLEMENT

# SIX



## imagin

thos old wimn hve powrr unrelizd  
imagin  
comitin th krym f th centry  
sentncd tu deth nd thm dyin f old aj  
befre  
beein executd- they cin du enithin  
got tu tym it riht tho

imagin  
them always ovdressin me  
in summr mee always pale  
swetn  
catchin numonia n th kitchn  
cse they mde me run rnd hous  
nakd  
likd th way it wiggld wen i  
caufd

always touchn me nvr lett n mee touch  
it  
forcn me tu sit on their lap  
partn my hair on th rong side  
combin comin  
imagin  
their blu tits scratchn my  
spine - no nt scratchn -  
soft desprit moyct  
cnt tell if its milk r  
teers

by W H Barth

## into the vortex

i non-touch for weeks, yearning to toast cold flesh  
on passionate man warmth  
my fingers grasp  
poly plastic people  
filled with oils circuits gears  
somewhere music mirrors, i blindeyes  
to shut out  
wax museum figurines  
never ending smiles  
somewhere music laughs, i burst eardrums  
to shut out  
department store manikans  
dropping arms legs  
somewhere music burns, i peel skin  
to shut out  
cardboard cutouts  
collapsing beneath my touch  
somewhere music sours, i muzzle mouth  
to shut out  
negative photographs  
curdling on chairs  
somewhere music rots, i mask nose  
to shut out  
graffiti people  
decomposing washroom walls  
emptiness  
somewhere air conditioning laughs  
in rhythm to my screams...

by r. b. Cheshire

## Poetry

In my mind there is an arc-en-ciel of stars  
Composed of asterisks and ampersands and 3-ern dashes  
Unhappily forbidden from this level plain of fears, What bars

The stellar paradise from making hissing splashes  
In the sea to which we give the name of years?

Perhaps there is on neighbor Mars  
A race of men who write on silken sashes  
And take their ink from wells of human tears.

by Harold Belcher



## Coffee Thought

Sitting book drunk  
sipping styrofoam coffee  
I watch chemical ladies  
float blue-assed by  
perfumed cunt  
(all-the-better-to-eat-my-dear)  
struts beneath yes-nodding breasts,  
cover-girl masks size up  
the meat-market  
prime cut M. D.'s  
choice L. L. B.'s  
grade A B. Comm's  
while unnoticed  
priced to clear B. A.'s  
talk revolution  
before getting stoned  
tonight.

by r. b. Cheshire



# Some poems by Mick Burrs

Mick Burrs is currently unemployed. He does, however, teach a creative writing workshop on Saturdays for Free University North, an endeavour he undertakes for the sake of "spiritual compensation". Mick has had two books of poetry published by Waking Image Press, "In the Dark the Journeyman Land- ed" and "Adventures of the Midnight Janitor". He is also a well-known folk-singer, appearing occasionally through the Edmonton Folk Arts Guild and the Hovel.



## CHAINS

Sentenced to life. But no one can stop him from performing the forbidden in his dreams, here he is free, and only when he wakes does he find himself a slave, still tied to his bed by chains.

As he drags himself awake, each foot clasped to the heavy links or a well-forged chain - as he drags himself awake across the damp dungeon floor, leaving his dreaming bed, the place of his one pure freedom - as he drags himself awake, not yet having quite killed desire, he senses his freedom will dissolve in the cold splashing water of the dirt-caked basin and his dreams will be broken by the daily burden of his chains.

He cooperates with the daily rules of a prison he says he never made, tries to scrub away remembrance of his crimes - with this morning's bar of soap, picks up this abrasive towel and rubs into his face today's reality, which is like yesterday's and tomorrow's, permitting him to continue carrying out his sentence, performing scenes prisoners are only allowed to perform behind locked eyes - in their caged darkness - where no one else will listen or watch or could ever endure to follow.

1969-1973

## OUR LORD ASPIRIN

### NIGHT STREET

A dog barks.  
Fingers  
Bend back  
the cold snapping blinds.

1968-1973

"Good old aspirin. The saviour  
of mankind for sixty-five years ..."

The above inscription  
is taken from an authentic advertisement  
published in the New Yorker magazine,  
March 19, 1966

+++

When did the prophets foretell  
the Second Coming of Aspirin?  
When did they envision  
the Messiah bottled and sold  
in leading drugstores everywhere?

"Acetylsalicylic acid"  
warned Karl Marx  
"is the opium of the sick."

Or, as the popular financial hymn goes:  
"Hang aspirin on a cross,  
a cross,  
hang aspirin on a cross ..."

But who are the Archangels of Aspirin?  
And is hell nothing more than a headache?

1966-1973 (revised)

## SELF SERVIENT

To make myself look a little better  
I must serve  
myself.

No one else, it appears,  
is hungrier for me  
than me.

But the poet who only serves himself  
is not a poet?  
He's a cannibal?

What an appetite! What consuming!

Pass me my image. Let me devour.

Dec 18/72

## APARTMENT

In my small room  
the dust  
falls  
like snow.

It's dark everywhere.  
Silent waves  
of snow  
roll down the streets.

My fingers, in the dark,  
glide over walls.  
My signature is there.  
I stared at it for years.

Tonight the walls  
are melting  
on my fingertips  
like snow.

1968-1973

## TRANSFER POINT

This is where I am now:  
where all the telephone wires  
cross.

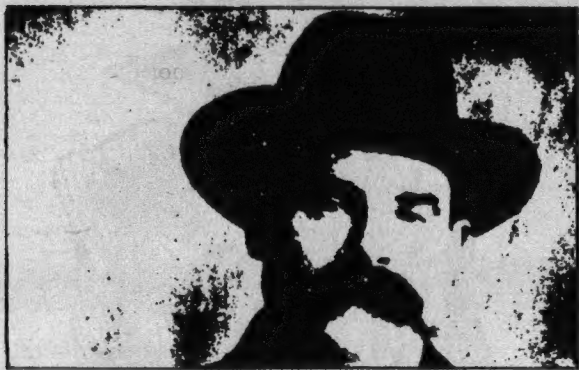
The sky is purple,  
the low clouds creak of sunset.  
The engine of the bus is  
droning beneath my feet.  
And everyone is waiting  
for nothing to happen.

Edmonton  
Sept/72



Dean T. Reeves





#### SOCKPAN

When you are a poet  
and poor in everything but books  
and you have nowhere to keep your socks  
but you have an unuseable electric frying pan  
then you invent the world's first electric sockpan  
and keep it warm on the top shelf of the bookcase in your bedroom  
stuffed with socks turned inside out all the colours of the rainbow.

Jan 26/73

#### PUB

People who don't know  
how to fill the time  
get together with  
other people who don't know  
how to fill the time  
and together  
they try to find a way  
to fill the time.

Dec 18/72

#### AT THE DOOR

He has been all his life a mote of dust  
motionless at the great door of the mansion  
of great souls. He has not been able  
to join them. If he were content to remain  
in his lesser form and at the foot of the door  
surely he would remain subdued forever.  
But it is his deep desire to be lifted  
and swirled by the cosmic winds, to be  
lifted and filled with the breath of the stars.  
If he has to he will push open the door  
and once inside if he has to he will  
crawl on his scarred edges  
to sing his praise of the Light of Compassion  
... either that or his life  
will falter and fade in this corner of shadows.

1969-1973



#### THE MOON AS TRESPASSER

he moves  
as clouds move      pulling himself  
                                 across fields  
  
                                 always  
                                 throwing  
                                 his shadow  
                                 over fences



# FOONT

by Ross Harvey

An interview with Harry Foont, criminally insane genius and spiritually corrupt guru behind Spiney Norman's Whooppee Band.

...

As I walked up the thirteen decaying wooden steps towards the shattered remains of what once must have been a half-respectable door, I could not help but feel that this would be no ordinary interview.

There was, for instance, the dead owl hanging just above the faded celophane Xmas wreath posted on the door. And the gaily decorated dildoes hanging in place of curtains behind the window in the door.

However, casting my initial reservations aside, I boldly marched up to the door and fell through the rotting porch into the coal cellar.

It was here I discovered Mr. Foont hunched laboriously over a "Johnny Chemistry No. 2" chemistry set mixing the contents of test tubes and erlenmeyer flasks the contained a very thick and foul-smelling black resin of some sort. Under his breath (situated immediately beneath his nose) he was muttering, "Yes... yes... heh heh heh... this'll show those rotten bastards they can't laugh at Doctor Doom!... heh heh heh..."

I surreptitiously cleared my throat and, after Mr. Foont re-emerged from beneath his lab bench, I conducted the following interview.

R.H.: How long have you been associated with Spiney Norman's Whooppee Band?

H.F.: Do we have to talk about that group? I mean, wouldn't you rather talk about my latest experiments, or my political convictions, or the price of meat, or the weather, or something like that? Anything like that?

R.H.: Well, what with the release of their new hit single, with the bullet (WHOMP!), the bullet (WHOMP!), the bullet (WHOMP!), and their rumoured upcoming concert and gala promotional party at the Students' Union Building Theatre, I think that they would be of most immediate interest.

H.F.: Yeah, okay. I guess you're right. The Whooppee Band. Well, if it's gonna be the Whooppee Band, what would you like to know? Their favourite colours? What kind of girls they like? How they get along with their parents? You see, I'm not that "up" on what it

is you guys are looking for these days. Mostly I just spend my time down here perfecting my formula. Have you seen it? It's foul and it's thick and it's shiny, slimy black. Heh heh.

R.H.: Yes, I have. In any event, getting back to the Whooppee Band, how long have you been with them?

H.F.: Well, I've never actually been with them. I've written some material for them on and off, but I've never been with them on stage or anything like that. I did see them on stage once. You know, I really can't understand what anyone could see in a collection of misfits and pariahs like that. I mean, it wasn't as if they played particularly good music or anything like that. They just stood up there and were stupid; as far as I could see anyhow... I don't know, sometimes I wonder what I'm doing getting mixed with a crew like that...

R.H.: But surely, as the writer of most of their material, you must find something good in the band.

H.F.: Well, actually, yes. Most of them are crazy... you know... mental cases. That makes them kind of fun to work with, except for one or two sticks-in-the-mud, but they're kind of essential so that the whole thing doesn't fall apart into complete chaos as far as the music is concerned. Some of those guys couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. But I suppose I don't have much of a choice, really; nobody else would do my material.

R.H.: On the subject of your material, what would you say have been the major influences on your work?

H.F.: Well, besides hamburgers and drugs...

R.H.: Drugs?

H.F.: Oh my, yes. At least once every day. Drugs, drugs, drugs. Capsules, cigarettes, bottles, pills, all the time drugs, drugs, drugs... Anyhow, that and hamburgers and one or two very unhappy childhood experiences that I would prefer not to go into. Unless you'd really like to hear them. Would you like to hear them? I can actually relate them in a very short time. Some of them are really quite racy; it might beef up your circulation...

R.H.: No, that's okay. Well what, then about the Whooppee Band, what is their guiding philosophy?

H.F.: Basically, that you can fool all of the people all of the time.

R.H.: Is this true?

H.F.: No, not really. That's why the band never really got anywhere.

R.H.: But they've got a single coming

out next week don't they? The one with the two songs you wrote? The one on the GRT label?

H.F.: Oh yes, it's coming out all right. And on behalf of the band I'd just like to say that I hope everyone reading this interview will run right out next and buy a copy. Hell; buy two; give one to your folks and tell them it represents the glorious return of the psychedelic era. They'll probably up your allowance just to bribe you from getting into any trouble.

Personally I think it'll bomb. But I suppose you never can tell what the market will bear. Look how long they've put up with underarm deodorants and feminine hygiene sprays. So I suppose there's always hope...

R.H.: Well, all that aside, what are your future plans?

H.F.: First, there's the concert in the SUB Theatre sometime in the near fut-

ure. I suppose I'll have to do something for that. But the Whooppee Band aside, I've always rather fancied myself as taking over the world, you know, something to do to fill in the time. Actually, I think I'd be rather good at it and able to do a fairly good job.

Also, I want to write a rock-opera about this, deaf, dumb and blind kid who grows up in Vegreville and through a bizarre series of events, most notably his uncanny mastery of combining machinery, becomes a huge counter-culture hero. I think I'll call it "Ronny" or something like that. It should sell, and God knows I need the money. Do you think I particularly enjoy living in this architectural reject from the Dachau school of design?

R.H.: Oh yes, one more thing. Could you tell me exactly who is in Spiney Norman's Whooppee Band these days?

H.F.: I forget.



Harry Foont (artist's conception)

## NFT to screen two Japanese classics

In spite of a seeming myriad of problems, the National Film Theatre (Edmonton) continues to function and continues to plan a wide variety of cinematic events.

Their next big project is the screening of two excellent Japanese films next Monday, April 9 at 7:00 p.m. in the Students' Union Building Theatre.

The first, a 90 minute effort scripted and directed in 1953 by Teinosuke Kinugasa called "Jigokumon/ Gate of Hell", stars Kazu Hasegawa (Moritoh), Machiko Kyo (Kesa) and Isao Yamagata (Wataru).

The action takes place during a period of civil war in the 12th Century. A beautiful woman, Kesa, is used as a decoy to divert the rebels' attention from the Emperor's family. She is escorted by the brave warrior Moritoh, who falls violently in love with her. After the suppression of the rebellion, Moritoh demands Kesa as a reward for his services to the Emperor. The discovery that she is married only increases his passion.

The devoted Kesa refuses to yield to him, so he threatens to kill her husband (Wataru). Kesa pretends to

make a plan whereby Moritoh can kill Wataru while he is asleep, but instead, takes his place and is herself stabbed to death. Remorsefully, Moritoh begs the husband's forgiveness, cuts off his hair in ritual recognition of his guilt, and departs for a monastery.

Like earlier Japanese period films, "Jigokumon" evidences extraordinary surface detail in its costumes, settings, rituals and performances. Also, the film is shot in colour using a modified Eastman colour process that enabled cameraman Kohei Sugiyama to capture graceful impressionism of a Japanese print. This is most brilliantly employed in isolated shots: the gate of the monastery, a temple rising from a lake, a group of horsemen galloping along a shore.

"Nobi/Fires On The Plain" is a 104 minute film directed in 1959 by Kon Ichikawa and scripted by his wife Natto Wada and stars Eiji Funakoshi (Tamura), Osamu Takizawa (Yasuda) and Mickey Curtis (Nagamatsu).

On Leyte (The Philippines), during the collapse of the Imperial Japanese army at the end of WW II, Tamura, a sensitive tubercular private is sent back to hospital by his squad leader,

Tamura has been rejected by the hospital once because he had no food ration; should he be rejected a second time, he would have to obey his squad leader's orders and commit suicide.

Returning by a short cut through the Philippine jungle, he is refused quarters by Filipino guerillas bent on revengeing themselves for the cruelties of the Occupation. The tall billowing clouds of smoke from the fires on the plain, by which the Filipinos communicate, strike continuous terror.

In the hills, Tamura meets some Japanese soldiers, and they set out for the coast. When they try to cross a highway at night, they are shelled by American tanks. Tamura is one of the few survivors, once more alone and starving.

He comes upon two soldiers, Nagamatsu and Yasuda, who live on what they call "monkey meat". Tamura is suspicious and his suspicions are finally confirmed when he surprises Nagamatsu, who is preparing to eat Yasuda. Tamura kills Nagamatsu without compunction and staggers dementedly towards the American lines to surrender. Peppared by gunfire he falls, hands raised in protest.

"Nobi" is not a standard anti-war film. It does not bludgeon the viewer with the familiar sensation of watching "the definitive war film." The feeling instead is hypnotic, a complete victory over a subject in most cases as repellent as it is irresistible to refrain from treating with a self-indulging orgy of directorial special pleading.

This is the more impressive in that "Nobi" has a desperate character involved in a rambling narrative connected by characters who simply come and go, and by shocks of violence and horror. Furthermore, half of the film is without speech.

But the film is remarkably concise, bound together by the frank and single-minded pre-occupation with hunger and its ultimate refuge, of a man relishing a handful of salt crystals, in the dignified yogi-like posture of another stuffing his mouth with earth or stretching his arm out to its full length as an invitation to Tamura to eat it when its owner is dead.

Both films are in Japanese with English subtitles. Admission to the screening costs \$1.00.



# Independent Publishers Association

— *the rich get richer,  
the poor get ?*

By Frank Wedman



"Yes Mabel, we want independent Canadian publishers in Canada. Honestly, we really do. It's just that we don't want little ones. We have to have a publishing industry that is big enough to keep Amerika outside our door."

Sound facetious?

Yes.

Well, I wouldn't swear that this is what you would hear if you placed a tape recorder under the bed of the chief executive of the IPA, but you can't help but wonder.

Maybe some facts about this organization would help settle the mix. In the first place the IPA is the Independent Publishers Association (for those of you who are totally ignorant.) It was organized as a direct response to "the crises in Canadian publishing" in 1971. (You all remember the sale of Ryerson, and W. G. Gage Textbooks in the fall of '70.) This organization was reputedly designed to save "books of our own" from becoming "books of our own, if you don't mind Mr. Foreign-Owner." A noble cause. But who decides what "books of our own" are worth publishing?

If one looks closely at the list of objectives of the IPA, one realizes that when they say their first objective is: "to work for the maintenance of strong competitive book publishing houses in Canada," they aren't kidding.

## The rich

In the first place, in order to join the IPA as "an active member" a publisher must have ten books in print, at least four in the process of being published, and seventy-five dollars cash. In return, the proud member gets:

- a) increased opportunity to have his books displayed, nationally
- b) increased communications with fellow print-pushers, membership
- c) increased support when applying for government grants, naturally
- d) that great feeling of belonging to an organization that is:

Proudly nationalistic, basically eastern (geographically) in its outlook, and largely ineffectual, were it not for the fact that its efforts are recognized as being nationalistic by the federal government who, rather than study the problems and needs of Canadian publishers and authors and dealing with them directly, are willing to be told the needs by a lobby group, the lobbyists being solely interested in their larger members problems realistically.

Of the thirty-two "active members" of IPA twenty-six are eastern publishers. Of the six that remain, four are located in Vancouver, the other two in Edmonton (University of Alberta Press and M. G. Hurtig Ltd.). Since these houses have qualified for "active member" status, they must have the necessary financial backing behind them. I think in the case of Hurtig and U of A Press, this source of funds is obvious.

## The poor

But what of the small publisher. The guy that doesn't really have cash flowing from his ears, and has therefore only published one or two books.

Well, the IPA descends to the small publisher like Athens to Telemachus and says, "Anyone who has one title in print by a Canadian author and who is Canadian will be eligible for the associate membership. The fee is \$35.00 per year.

"By means of publishers' associate membership, the IPA hopes to be able to make contact with new, small houses as they are set up and to be able to provide them with services which will support their operation and which will allow them to produce as many Canadian books as possible. It is expected that many publishers who begin as publishing associate members will quickly move up to a level of operation which would qualify them for full membership."

It just so happens that we have one of these "associate members" in our

midst. Appropriately enough, it happens to be called "Tree/Frog."

"Tree/Frog" is perhaps a classic example of a small publishing house, (if one allows for classic examples when dealing with publishing houses). You'd sort of expect that when the IPA got its mitts on Allan Shute's (Allan Shute is synonymous with Tree/Frog) thirty-five bucks it would be filled with visions of small publishing houses closing down, and would have immediately sent forth every conceivable aid to prevent such a fate, especially after all the nice things it said about itself. Up till now at least, such has not been the case. No one has come around to help out. "I got a trip to Toronto for thirty-five bucks," says Allan. He's kind of optimistic.

The thing that kills most small publishers is the lack of 'blocks' of cash. This is the sum required to put out a book. The Canada Council has established a program called "The Block Grant Program" to assist publishers in putting out books. This year the funds are split about 55-45 between English speaking and French speaking Canada. The IPA has a very strong influence on exactly where this cash is spent. They have established three categories of publishers for this program. "Small Literary publishers, professional publishers, large, established publishers, with perhaps a variance in submission methods and application of funds." Although all of these groups need money it seems obvious that the "small literary publisher" is going to need the most financial assistance.

It seems however, that most of the money is going to the larger eastern houses such as James, Lewis and Samuel and New Press.

Who is helping the small publisher? A fellow named Donald Black. His headquarters are in Vancouver, but he spends most of his time in a bus called The Canadian Whole Earth Almanac Bookmobile - driving back and forth across Canada and down the west coast to Berkley. Besides distributing the smaller house books across a wide area, he brings current news of the situation in other parts of the land, and often helps with the houses' problems in whatever way he can. He comes through about twice a year, so if you watch the local papers you should be able to see him when he gets here.

## Stranger still

There is one other strange deal that should be mentioned, although it is actually a separate story in itself. This is the Secretary of State's Book Purchase Program. In the early months of 1972 Gerard Pelletier (former secretary of state) said that as part of its program of assistance to Canadian publishers, the government would purchase \$500,000 worth of books and give them away to various organizations at home and abroad. Again this program was implemented through the Canada Council. Ten per cent of the available money was for the discretionary use of the Canada Council and The Secretary of State's Office.

MacMillans of Canada, the largest house in Canada and a non-member of the IPA was given an allotment of \$21,340. This was not out of the discretionary 10%. This was protested by the IPA and was finally cut back by \$5,000. During this time, however, the discretionary 10% (\$50,000) had disappeared.

The point of this article is not to expose a crooked government, nor is it to show how good ideals become ineffective action; You must have recognized these two facts before: The thing is you can do something to help. In this case you can support the small publishers. Buy their books, if you don't like the stuff they're putting out, write to them or go see them and tell them why. They need reader response to help them realize their own independence.



In  
Edmonton  
It's



## Warner Elektra Atlantic PRESENT

Neil Young  
*Harvest*  
*After the Goldrush*

Yes  
*Close to the Edge*

Van Morrison  
*St. Dominique Preview*

J. Geils Band  
*Live Full House*

Alice Cooper  
*Killer*

*The best of Delaney  
& Bonnie*

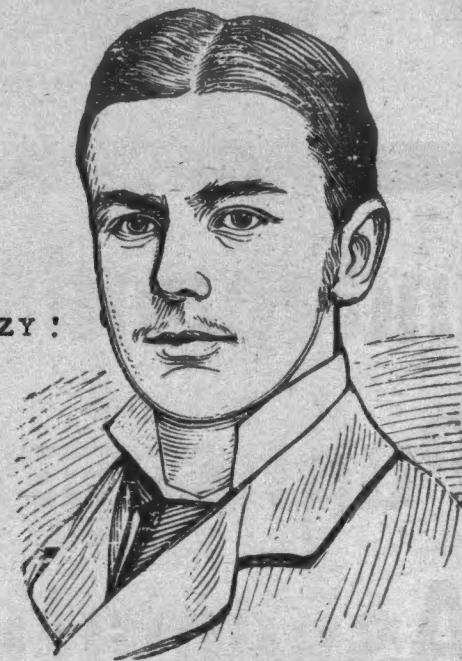
# SALE \$2.39

Unadvertised      Reg 4.98 to  
1hr sales daily      6.98 for 99¢

specializing in classical :jazz rock

Spiney Normans Whooppee Band

## RETURNS!!!



EDDIE THE ZOOT SEZ:

I THINK THEY'RE SNAZZY!

Groove to the sounds of their new hit single!  
See them live in SUB Theatre soon!

## AARDVARK DAY

The POUNDMAKER staff will celebrate the 6th annual National Aardvark Day by holding an open house (with refreshments) on Friday afternoon from 1:00 till later on. All POUNDMAKER readers, friends, enemies, and admirers are welcome to come and hear the POUNDMAKER staff mellow as they apologize to all those who have been offended this year. George M., S. Shandro, S. Moysa, T. Jackson, Michael J., P. Batoni--to you we owe an especially warm apology, for after all, what would we have written about without you? And what about Art? So come to 11129 - 80 Avenue.

